


Youth



Ukrainian Catholic Youth Organization

Vol. 13., No. 5.

Edmonton, Alberta

May, 1957.

DAUPHIN, MANITOBA



Newly painted interior of Ukrainian Catholic Church

Youth . . . The Golden Age of Opportunity

ЮНАЦТВО

Орган

Українського Католицького Юнацтва
(УКЮ)

Редагує Колегія

Річна передплата — — — — \$1.00

Ціна одного числа — — — — .10

YOUTH

Organ of the

Ukrainian Catholic Youth
(U.C.Y.)

Edited by Press Committee

Subscription: \$1.00 per year.
.10 per copy.

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Editor: Tony Caruk.

Address All Correspondence to

YOUTH

10967 - 97th Street, Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

Cover Policy

Every month, on the cover of our magazine, we hope to feature some outstanding achievement of Ukrainians in Canada. Furthermore we would like to have it as representative as possible and give every community an opportunity to tell others about itself. If there is any accomplishment in your community which you feel proud of, why not write and tell us about it. In addition to the picture, we will have a feature story about the work depicted. If you would like to learn about this more fully, why not write the editor for further details.

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Youth

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY FOR UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC YOUTH

A Tribute To Mothers

The origin of Mother's Day was in the city of Philadelphia in the year of 1907. The beautiful spring month of May was chosen and indeed a better choice could not have been made. Miss Anna M. Jarvis thought it would be a good idea for sons and daughters to honor the mothers of the country. She arranged for a special church service and asked everyone to wear a white carnation. The next year many such services were held, the second Sunday in May being agreed upon as a suitable date. Soon in every state in the United States, in Canada, Mexico, South America, Africa, China, Japan and elsewhere, the idea had taken hold of the fancy of the people.

When Mother's Day was first celebrated, florists tried to establish the white carnation as the emblem and mother's gift on that day. But they found that many wanted something more colorful. They could not supply the demand for the white carnations, so these were worn by those who had lost their mothers, while others wore colors.

The custom of holding a festival in honor of Motherhood is not new. The ancient Greeks honored Cybele, mother of gods. It was also introduced into Rome and celebrated on the Ides of March, which fell on the 15th.

From the above you may see that the idea of honoring mothers is a magnificent one, but present-day celebrations of this occasion have become greatly commercialized. The world at large is a materialistic one.

How many of us are in the position of disobeying the Fourth Commandment: "Honor thy Mother!" On this great day every living son and daughter should send his or her prayer to God so that He may bestow on your dear Mother His blessing. This occasion gives us an opportunity to think over the times our mothers have sacrificed for our benefit.

To those of you whose mothers are not living, how many times have you said prayers for the repose of their souls? How many Mass intentions have you offered? Remember that your beloved mother spent many a sleepless night. Do not forget to do your share. What is a home without a mother? Many of us realize this when our mothers have passed away from this earth.

It is not so much the gift that may be given to your mother, but the token of appreciation by a son or daughter that makes your dear mothers feel very happy on this solemn occasion. Let us try to be

loyal sons and daughters in a world that is greatly materialistic. Show our love to our dear Mother by paying her a visit and spending a happy day with her.

And then we have also a heavenly mother — for May, as we know, is the month of Mary, the queenly one. Lofty indeed is the position of this Immaculate Virgin in the eternal scheme of things. And since God has so honored her, we can scarcely be backward in doing the same. Perhaps the best way to honor her is that of imitating her outstanding virtues and cultivating a sincere and childish devotion to her. Let her soothing name always find place in our prayers as we sally forth on the dangerous journey of our life. She is always a very gentle and kindly Mother who will never turn away from anyone who really loves her.

Trails To Happiness

By Fr. P. Maluga, C.Ss.R.

Every person in the world wants to become or remain happy. Young and old, rich and poor, saint and sinner, have this one characteristic in common — a desire for happiness.

If we look into our hearts, most of us will find what our deepest and most insistent yearning on our life's journey, is to possess a bit of this precious happiness. Is it attainable? Or is it like the pot of gold on the end of the rainbow?

What is happiness? What are its constituents? What are the causes and conditions of happiness? Similar questions like those often occupied the minds of ancient philosophers and brought about many diversified opinions.

According to Plato happiness is a harmonious functioning of the parts of man's soul as shall preserve the subordination of the lower to the higher, of the non-rational to the rational. Aristotle defines happiness as a kind of well-being that

consists in well-doing. In other words, happiness is the result of virtuous action, that is, action which springs from virtue and is according to its laws.

If we look into the faces of the people, we can notice a worried look upon them, which tells us that they have not caught up with the object of their happiness. Worldly happiness is like a shadow. A person tries to grasp it, and it keeps running away! The excited tempo of modern life reveals the violent eagerness for happiness and its tragic failure to find it.

Look at the enormous crowds in halls, night clubs and other places of entertainment. Isn't this evidence that people go there searching for happiness? They are ready to pay large sums of money for it — but whether they can buy it, is another question.

Take a glance on our highways. Thousands of people pass through daily in streamline cars with a

break-neck speed. Where to? Very often no where or just for a ride. Too often these car rides where you hear laughter, songs, shouts of joy thrown out the window, end up gloomy. Very often these car rides bring their passengers to thy kingdom come.

The dominant philosophy of today teaches that money is the way to happiness. Sure! Secure enough of it and you can buy anything you want. It is the golden key that opens the treasury to all cravings of the human heart. It will provide you with all comforts this modern world has to give.

From sunrise to sunset, people toil for the favor of the great god Mammon. To amass as much money as possible in the shortest length of time is the purpose of life for many people. Does wealth really bring happiness? If so, why do so many millionaires commit suicide? Excessive wealth becomes a burden to the owner.

Once there lived a man who had enough for himself and his family. One day he visited his relative in the city and became envious that his cousin was richer than he. So he decided to sell some of his property and buy more land, which he did, but still he was not content. He found out that people are migrating to new lands where rich fertile land could be obtained by asking. Selling his farm, he moved into this fertile region and became still richer.

However, he was not content for long because he learned that farther up, there was land still more fertile where it could be purchased for a song. Selling his farm and estate, he went to this special terri-

tory. Here he was informed that for a thousand rubles he could have all the land which he could go around in one day. The only stipulation was that if he did not return to the starting place within the day, his money was forfeited. He figured this was a real bargain.

Next daybreak he set out from the top of a hill. Now and then he scooped some turf and piled it up to show where he had passed. By noon, the sun was getting high and he felt quite tired. Nevertheless he kept on walking. "Just one more hour of struggle," he thought to himself, "and I shall be the richest man in the kingdom and enjoy my riches for a lifetime."

At last he noticed that the sun was already setting in the west and the lengthy shadows warned him that he had better turn back. He now realized that he must walk back much faster for the starting point was far away. His body ached and every muscle screamed for rest, but he kept on going. As the sun began to sink lower and lower, he saw that his fortune was now at stake. He saw that walking will not get him back on time, so he began to run. His mouth was parched, his throat and feet were burning, his heart was beating faster and faster from fear and fatigue. He kept running until he saw the top of the hill from where he set out in the morning. Sure enough, the land agents were there waiting for him.

Gathering all his remaining strength, he dragged himself up the hill and reaching the summit, he stumbled over and fell. A stream of blood gushed from his mouth. He stretched his hands to reach

the starting point. All the land he covered was his, but he could not make use of it. He bled to death. The people who were there buried him on the spot where he lay dead. Seven feet was all the land he needed now — Thus many spend a whole life in feverish pursuit of riches and then as soon as the hands finally grab the object of their long pursuit, death comes along and robs the person of all his possessions.

On several occasions Our Lord

teaches and warns us not to become too solicitous over earthly goods, forgetting that our purpose on earth is to prepare ourselves for a happy eternity. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose one's soul. What can a man give in return for his soul?" Therefore, if we desire to have true happiness on earth, there is no better way than to practice our religion, which brings forth peace and happiness of soul.

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U.C.Y. Diocesan Convention, Toronto

The Dominion Executive sponsored a convention during the Thanksgiving day week-end. The three-day festivities took place at Toronto's Park Plaza Hotel.

On Saturday, October 16, Mass was given to officially begin the three-day celebration. After the registration at the hotel, the sessions began with a welcoming speech from the president of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth of Canada, Mr. John Kowalski. The various clubs representatives of Eastern Canada then read their reports concerning their club's past activities.

Ukrainian Catholic Youth Organizations from all parts of the Eastern Diocese were represented. The main purpose of this convention was to try to better the constitution, and to bring about new ideas, such as: having an athletic day; organizing church choirs and Ukrainian dancing; Ukrainian films to be shown after meetings; also, to have a library of good literature available for the members. These and many more ideas were brought be-

fore the committee and club representatives. There were also discussions on individual club problems.

Saturday evening was the beginning of the recreational period of the convention. Wilson Heights Gardens was the setting for the Rhapsody Ball, a semi-formal, which was attended by the representatives from the clubs and their friends.

Low Mass was celebrated by His Excellency Bishop I. Borecky, at St. Josaphat's Cathedral on Sunday, October 7. Communion was received by the delegates and guests as a body, followed by Communion breakfast. Dr. Kutney was the guest speaker at the Communion breakfast and spoke on the subject of "The Spiritual Life of the Youth".

Sessions continued in the afternoon with guest speaker Father Horoshko from Windsor. Nominees for the new committee of the Eastern Diocesan were selected by the nomination committee and were agreed upon by all. The president, Mr. Eddie Medwig, was introduced and then took over his position with



Guests and delegates in Convention Room at the Park Plaza Hotel

a speech, to the room filled with distinguished guests and delegates.

A Grand Banquet was held in the evening at the Park Plaza Hotel, in the Empress Room. Present were such distinguished guests as His Excellency Bishop I. Borecky, Dr. Kutney, Dr. Kucherepa, and other clergy and guests from Toronto and other cities. During the dinner, entertainment was provided for the many attending guests. Featured were the "Fem-nettes", an singing quintet from the Ukrainian Students' Club of the University of Toronto.

On the final day, Mass was again held at St. Josaphat's Cathedral. Following Mass the group then attended the fourth session. The new Eastern Diocesan executive was re-instituted to their new position.

The executive for the Eastern Diocese for 1957-58 is as follows: Honorary president, His Excellency Bishop I. Borecky; Spiritual Director, Very Rev. Father N. Swirsky; president, Mr. Eddie Medwig (Toronto); 1st vice-president, Mr. Stan Semeniuk (Montreal); 2nd vice-president, Mr. Wayne Hrudyn (Windsor); 3rd vice-president, Mr. Al Chuchmuch (Toronto); recording secretary, Miss Adele Dudar (Toronto); corresponding secretary, Miss Mary Ann Peters, Toronto; publicity officer, Miss Olga Weres (Toronto); fifth member, Mr. Mike Kunanec (Toronto); treasurer, Miss Joan Kaskiw (Toronto).

Father Swirsky, Spiritual Director of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth of Canada, concluded the fourth and final session with a summary of the discussions and ideas brought forth for the forthcoming year.

In the afternoon, a sports tour-

nament was on the program, in which each club provided a boys' and girls' basketball team. Everyone put on a rousing exhibition, however, not everyone could win, and cups were presented to the winners. The Windsor Boys' team edged out St. Josaphat's of Toronto. St. Josaphat's Girls' Team, of Toronto, won over St. Basil's of Toronto.

A corn roast in the evening brought the three days of fun and frolic sadly to an end.

There was one statement stressed at the convention, which we would like to pass on to you, and one which we hope you will put into practice: "Instead of relying on others to do what you want done — do it yourself." God helps those who help themselves.

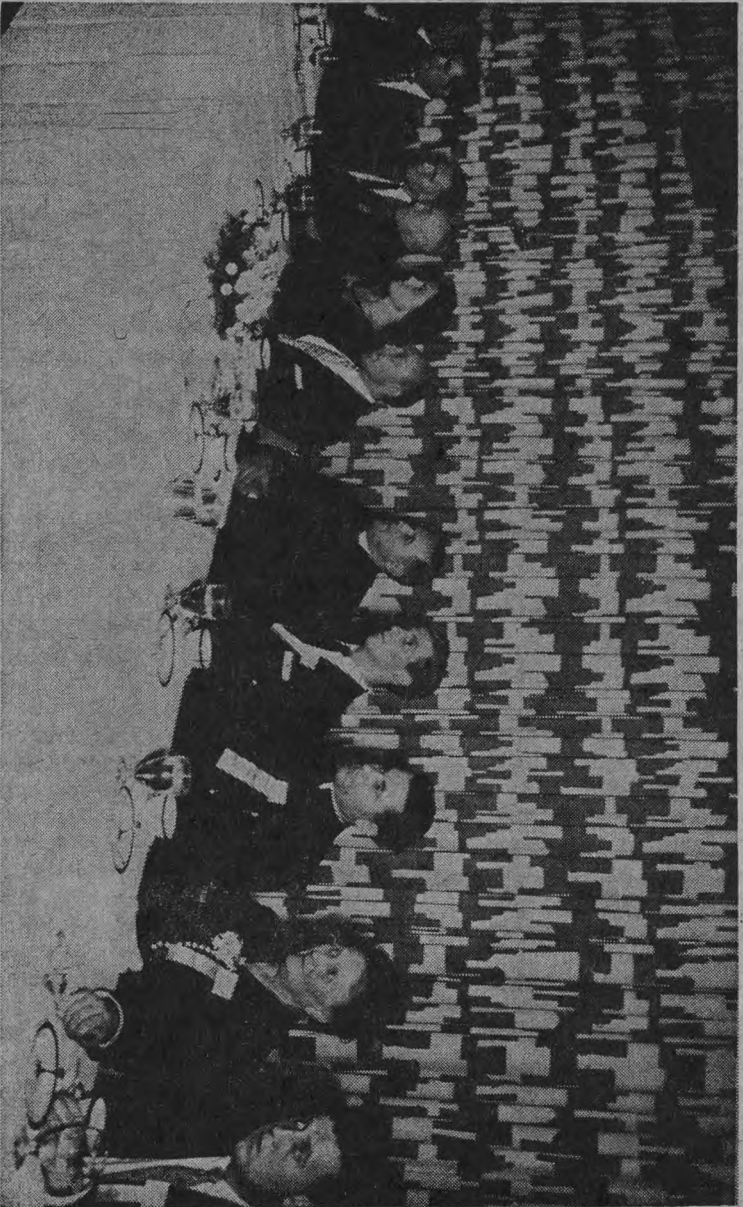
"Every night I dream of a sign on a door, and I push and push it, but can't get it open."

"What does the sign say?"

"Pull."

СОНЦЕ

На небозводі сходить сонце,
Цікаво дивиться на світ —
У кожне загляда віконце,
Що саме робить людський рід.
Ох, сонічко мое прекрасне,
На нас вже краще й не гляди!
Померкне твоє личко красне
Від людської біди.
Вразить тебе тут кривда люта,
Почуєш зойки та жалі,
Бо правда світом позабута,
Бо гріх панує на землі.
А сонічко на небі сяє —
Та сумно дивиться на світ
І очі свої відвертає:
Який страшний цей людський рід!
— Леся Верховинка



Portion of head table at banquet in Empress Room of Park Plaza Hotel, left to right: His Excellency Bishop I. Borecky, Peter Pedkovych, Master of Ceremonies, John Kowalsky, Pres. of U.C.Y. of Canada, Fr. M. Pasichnyk, O.S.B.M. (Montreal) Mrs. M. Kutney, Dr. M. Kutney, Fr. Y. Banesh, Ed. Medwig, Pres. of U.C.Y. of Eastern Diocese, Fr. N. Swirsky, O.S.B.M., Mrs. I. Petriw, Stan Semeniuk, 1st Vice-Pres. of U.C.Y. of Eastern Diocese.

The Road Back

(Conclusion)

Easter holidays were over much too soon and Barbara was faced with the prospect of going back to school and meeting the same people with whom she had associated so frequently and often so immorally. If only there were a few months more of the school year left she could have finished her studies at a Catholic School. However, with only two months to go, there was no alternative but to finish off the year where she was. Next year, though, things would be different — she'd be back where she belonged, among Catholic students.

At school, Barbara didn't try to avoid any of her former class chums, neither did she go out of her way to meet them. None of them, at first, had any idea that she was any different than before, and they were willing to accept her as if nothing had happened. Whenever Barbara happened to be in a group with them at noon, between classes or at the cafeteria, she was acutely embarrassed by the trend which the conversation took.

As she listened to the girls discussing their dates, the wild rides, the necking parties and the immoral stories, she shuddered at the realization that she had once actually taken pleasure in such filth. The situation wasn't any better when any boys were around. Then the discussion would turn to more subtle expressions, together with crude jokes which were inevitably followed by loud laughing and intimate looks. Barbara felt sick and

disgusted at such moments and after two or three gatherings of like nature, she deliberately avoided any further recurrences of such situations. Although she was frequently asked for dates by some of her old gang, she consistently refused and soon they stopped bothering her.

Then her former pals deliberately began to be catty and nasty in their comments about her. They referred to her in all terms from "chicken" to "square", but Barbara was unperturbed. Her long period of convalescence had opened Barbara's eyes to many things, especially those concerning her purpose in life and her responsibilities to her family, church and society. Fortified by the resolutions made at that time, Barbara ignored the jibes and jeers of her former chums and plunged wholeheartedly into her studies. Although time was running out on her, Barbara managed to zoom from the bottom tenth of her grade to the top fifth. It had been a long time now since she had felt such a keen sense of exhilaration and satisfaction as a result of a job well done. She realized how easy and interesting her school work could be once she really applied herself to her studies.

Barbara had originally planned to get a job for the summer holidays, but she became interested in the Ukrainian Catholic leadership courses which were being offered during the month of July. When the courses had been offered in previous years, she had merely scoffed

and said that was just kid stuff. Now, as she looked through the folder describing the curriculum, she was eager to learn what was being offered. The Ukrainian language, culture, history, singing, public speaking and folk dances were just some of the subjects to be taught. Since she was of Ukrainian extraction, Barbara realized that she should be familiar with everything pertaining to her racial background.

The four weeks Barbara spent at the leadership courses were the happiest period she had experienced for a long time. She was both amazed and proud at the wealth of Ukrainian culture and how much it could do to boost Canada's young evolution-

ing cultural activities. Because of her splendid achievement at the courses, Barbara was appointed to give the opening speech at the concert presented to the general public on the last day of the memorable period.

As Barbara looked confidently at the assembled crowd and saw the proud looks of her parents in the front row, she felt how lucky she was to have been saved from the type of life she had been leading just a few short months ago. She hoped that other young people would find themselves in time just as she did.

As she drove home with her parents, Barbara resolved that from now on things would be different.

Teaching Profession

Reminiscences of 30 years in the teaching profession, offers an Education Week thought from the pen of Rev. Brother S. Methodius, F.S.C. of St. Patrick's Central High School. Brother Methodius also appends a thought for modern parents.

Thirty years ago, January, 1927, I began my teaching career. Full of faith, zeal, courage, and optimism, I wrote down a plan for my future as a teacher:

"I have not entered a teaching religious congregation blindly. I know that for countless days I will have to face several dozen youngsters with the very essence of mischief twinkling in their eyes. I have counted the many evenings I must spend correcting papers and preparing lessons.

"I chose teaching because I am

firmly convinced that education is a true means to bring about the knowledge of our religion and of our duties and privileges as citizens of Canada. The children of today are the religious and national leaders of tomorrow. When a youngster begins school, the development of his soul, body, character and his attitude towards religion, society and the world, remains, to a large extent, in the hands of his teacher. I chose teaching because I believe that I can help that youngster become the kind of citizen God wants him to be in this world to become a citizen of heaven.

"It is not so long ago that I was a child and I clearly remember those things I liked and disliked about school. I chose teaching because I want to make school a place which

children will enjoy coming to, hate leaving, and always fondly remember. And I pray that God will help me to realize that I shall be teaching children, not subjects."

It has been my lot, responsibility, and privilege to be a religious school teacher for the past thirty years. As I look back over the years, I am not sorry for my choice, for I believe that teaching, that is Christian teaching, is the most important profession life has to offer. It carries with it one of the greatest responsibilities: that of helping to mold the citizens of this world and of the next.

When I think of my teaching career, I think of more than a thousand of boys who have passed through my hands; of the honors and distinctions they have won; of the sorrows and troubles they have suffered; of the battles won, and the lives lost overseas; of the great men, the little men; of the strong and the weak . . . They are all mine, I am a better man for having known them.

SPLENDID COMPANY

Why I teach? Where could I find more splendid company? There sits a statesman, strong, unbiased, wise; there a silver-tongued orator, influencing others to do good; and there a doctor, whose quick, steady hand can mend a bone or stem the life's blood flow. A boulder sits beside him — upward rise the arches of a church he builds, wherein laborers, men who work and vote and build and plan will pray in a great tomorrow. I may not see the church or hear the word, or eat the fruit their hands will grow — and yet I may. And later I may say:

I knew the lad and he was strong, or weak, or kind, or proud, or bold, or gay. I knew him once, that priest who speaks the word of God and leads a stumbling soul to Christ; that young Brother following the footsteps of the Divine Teacher. And all about a lesser gathering of farmers, merchants, soldiers, teachers — but then he was a boy!

Why I teach? Where could I find more splendid company? And in heaven, please God — "They who instruct others unto justice will shine as stars for all eternity."

FOR MODERN PARENTS

Nostalgia for "the good old days" has been characteristic of man since Adam and Eve looked wistfully back towards the Garden of Eden from their abode after the Fall. Yet in all that time it has gotten people exactly nowhere.

But people will never learn. In our day we hear so many lamenting the passing of the so-called "ages of faith", when living according to the standards of Christ appears to us to have been so much easier than it is now. Most of all, parents who take seriously their responsibility of bringing up their children in the fear and love of God feel sorry for themselves when they reflect on the circumstances in which they themselves were reared. Because their children come under the influence of the modern media of mass communication, movies, radio and television, many parents throw up their hands and consider it hopeless to train their children properly.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

Modern juvenile delinquency cannot be blamed on these outside in-

fluences. The blame must rest with parents who have not been able, or more specifically, have not tried, to adapt their authority over the children to the circumstances in which they live.

The law of God which established parental responsibility for children and the corresponding measure of parental authority took into consideration all the situations in which families might find themselves at all periods of the world's history. The same applies to family life now as in the time of Christ; or of any in-

tervening period; and the same means of grace are available now to enable parents to fulfill their duty. If they will make use of the means and use the intelligence which God gave them to adapt their authority to the circumstances in which their children are living, they can make the children of our day as good citizens of their country and of the Kingdom of God as any of their ancestors.

We live in glorious times, if we would only make the best of them.

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ПОЧИТАННЯ БОЖОЇ МАТЕРІ В УКРАЇНСЬКІМ НАРОДІ

Наш український народ на протязі своєї довгої історії почитав із таким великим пієтизмом Пречисту Діву Марію, що на правду Мати Божої стала в нас "Царицею України".

1. Наші славні князі почитали Божу Матір

В першу чергу наші славні князі були великими почитателями Божої Матері. Вже два роки після прийняття християнства, український князь, Володимир Великий, у побудованій ним "Десятинній Церкві" поставив величаву ікону в честь Божої Матері, а при відчиненні храму він виголосив промову, в якій заохочував дворян і вірних, щоб прибігли під покров Пречистої Диви Марії й благали відпущення гріхів за дла молитов Пресвятої Богородиці.

Знова ж син Володимира Великого, Ярослав Мудрий, після перемоги над печенігами 1037-го року, вибудував прекрасний храм в честь Богородиці, Церкву Благовіщення. Побудував він цю церкву при "Золотих Воротах" у столичному городі Києві, віддаючи

цей город під покров Божої Матері, а 1054-го року він цілу Україну віддає під покров Пречистої. Це був перший володар на світі, що віддав свою державу й народ урочисто під покров Божої Матері.

Також князь Мстислав побудував величавий храм в честь Пресв. Богородиці в місті Тьмутарокані, як вияв вдяки за те, що за молитвами Богородиці він побідив великого Хана Касогу. Знов князь Ігор, коли йому пощастило повернути з половецької неволі 1185-го року, перші свої кроки звертає до храму Божої Матері в Пирогощі, щоб подякувати Пречистій за щасливий поворот.

Вкінці, наш галицький князь Ярослав Осмомисл, той, що — по словам автора "Слово о полку Ігореві": "Залізними полками підпер був карпатські гори", побудував у столичному своєму місті Галичі, величавий храм Пресвятої Богородиці. Цей храм-катедру, завдяки фондам блаженної пам'яті Митрополита Шептицького, відкрив 1937-го року славний український археолог, д-р Яро-

слав Пастернак, що тепер перебуває в Канаді. Так почитали Пречисту Діву Марію славні князі України.

2. Весь український народ почитає Пречисту Діву Марію

Та не тільки наші славні князі й високі достойники почитали Пречисту Діву Марію але до неї, як до Цариці України, прибігав весь український народ на протязі довгих століть нашої долі й неволі. За татарського лихоліття український народ тисячами й тисячами приходив на прощі до чудотворної ікони Пречистої в українським місті Белзі, аж поки цю ікону польські загарбники не вивезли до Ченстохови й не зробили її "Маткою Боскою" своєї Річипосполитої. Знову ж в часи козаччини, коли по програній Мазепи під Полтавою запорожці мусіли йти в чужу чужину, то — по словам Шевченка, як вони

"Мандрували день і ніч,
Як покидали Запороже,
Великий Луг і Матір-Січ,
Взяли з собою Матір Божу,
А більш нічого не взяли . . . "

І на чужині:

"У наметі поставили вони
Образ Пресвятої, і
Крядкома молилися
І плакали, а з ними
Заплакала Матір Божа
Сльозами святыми.

І Бог"....., як каже далше поет,
"зглянув на ті сльози

І на Україну . . .

Вернулися Запорожці
Принесли з собою
В Гетьманщину той чудовий
Образ Пресвятої".

А коли в часі великої руїни ворог напасівся погубити український народ, то в цей найчорніший час укра-

їнські сини й доньки десятками й сотнями тисяч приходили до чудотворних ікон Божої Матері у святих наших місцях: у Крехові, Зарваниці, Гошові, Кальварії, Почаєві . . . і там навколішках благали: "Маріє, рятуй нас, бо загинемо! Помилуй і захорони нас, Пречистая, бо ворог хоче знищити нас, живе тіло й кров України".

А коли, вкінці, в часі двох світових воєн, хизацький ворог наступав на героїв, воїнів і оборонців батьківщини, то вони в одній руці, стискаючи кулемета, а в другій держачи медаліка Богородиці, благали її ось такими словами: "Захорони нас, Пречистая, не віддай на ворожу поталу нашої святої землі, Царице України", а як ні, то звели нам свої голови зложити під Твій святий омофор!" Дома їхні матері, сестри й дочки припадали навколішках перед іконою Пречистої й благали її: "Под Твою милість прибігаєм, Богородице Діво, молитв наших не презри, но ізбави отцев і братів і синов наших от люття смерті. Амінь.

І це палке почитання Пречистої привезли батьки й матері наші, коли приїхали в Канаду, до нової незнанної землі. І цю саму віру в покров Пречистої плекають і сьогодні їхні сини й доньки, вірні слуги й ревні почитателі Пресвятої Богородиці.

Ось це коротенька історія "Почитання Божої Матері в українським народі". Віддаймо й ми всі своє родинне огнище під покров Пресвятої Діви Марії. Хай цей символ чистоти, ніжності й святости хоронить нас і наші родини на будуче так, як він захоронював наших предків довгі століття нашої історії.

"Пресвятая Богородице, спаси нас!"

U.C.Y. Sportsmen's Dinner, Edmonton



Head table at Sportsmen's Dinner. Left to right: John Kowalchuk, Pres. St. Josaphat's U.C.Y.; Ruth Hrychan; Rollie Miles, Edmonton Eskimo Football Star; Fr. B. Sloboda, O.S.B.M., Spiritual Director of St. Josaphat's U.C.Y., Frank Pawlowski, Master of Ceremonies; J. Ducey, Mr. Baseball in Edmonton.

The first of the annual St. Josaphat's U.C.Y. Sportsmen's Dinners was held on April 8, 1957, at the Cathedral Auditorium. Guest speakers were Rollie Miles, John Ducey, and Dr. Sereda. Father Sloboda was in attendance along with T. F. Pawlowski, who acted as master of ceremonies. The attendance was well represented by the men and women interested in sports and a newly formed baseball team.

The banquet itself was well organized with the co-ordination from many youth members, who aided in

the success of the dinner.

Speeches given by Rollie Miles and John Ducey were well appreciated. Both stressed the fact that sportsmanship is a vital factor to any team and were very enthused about the idea that a new team was being organized to enlarge the scope of sports.

Mr. J. Ducey, who is called Mr. Baseball here in Edmonton, was aware of the fact that a new team was about to originate and gave the members a warm welcome to baseball. Rollie Miles, affiliated with

football, was enthused with the fact that new members were joining the field of sports. The orations given at the banquet indicated enthusiasm by all.

The success of the Sportsmen's dinner will become a bigger and better event with each coming year.

The St. Josaphat's U.C.Y. are forming a baseball team consisting of members and players who are interested. Starting a club like this proves to be a hard task and support is needed. After first starting with a hockey team which proved to be a splendid success for the length of time it was in progress, the few members interested in sports have undertaken a much harder task. Uniforms, equipment

and the locating of ball players were undertaken, Ted Tyrkalo, manager of the team and in charge of its formation, deserves many thanks for making it possible to form a team which will be a great asset to our local U.C.Y. club. Johnny Kish, who is assisting Ted in every way possible, should be credited with thanks even though he will not be here to join the boys in playing ball. Arnold Trook deserves a mention in this regard, as his help meant a great deal.

Let's spend some of our time in encouraging the boys and giving them the support they need to make an impression on the other teams here in Edmonton and surrounding districts.

St. Josaphat's Mothers Day Tea

In a Mother's Day tribute to the wonderful mothers of our parish, the annual U.C.Y. Mother's Day Tea was held to commemorate this occasion in St. Josaphat's Church Auditorium on May 12.

Ruth Hrychan, secretary of the U.C.Y., received the guests. About 125 attended. They were served delicious sandwiches and dandy goodies by the many U.C.Y. members, who must be commended for their help in making the tea a success.

A lovely bouquet of spring flowers centered the tea table at which guest pourers were Ann Hawrylecko, Lillian Morris, Helen Skubleny, Dianna Bayrock, Anne Tyler and Margaret Motiuk.

The president, Johnny Kowalchuk, briefly expressed sincerest

thanks and gratitude to the mothers and rose corsages were presented to Mrs. Protsky, the oldest mother, and Mrs. Jerry Pryma, the newest mother.

Several vocal numbers by Lubow and Oskane Stangret and Mary Ann Petaske brought the afternoon to a close.

By Ruth Hrychan

Foreman (to worker whistling): "We don't pay you for whistling on the job, mister."

Worker (pleasantly-: "Wha' da ya pay me for?"

Foreman: "To put up these scaffolds."

Worker (still pleasantly): "OK — then you get the whistle for free."

Mundare U.C.Y.

For eight years now the Mundare U.C.Y. has upheld, very successfully, a truly worthy project which other U.C.Y. locals across Canada could very well imitate. The work we have in mind is the Annual U.C.Y. Drama Festival. The evening's presentation during which this takes place, usually consists of two or three Ukrainian plays, either comedy or tragedy, presented by the Ukrainian Catholic Youth of Mundare. The inspiring force behind this work is Sister Marion, S.S.M.I., under whose capable hands and direction, the finest possible performance is brought out.

A panel of judges is chosen to adjudicate the various performances. A trophy is presented to the group putting on the best play. In addition, gold, silver and bronze medals are awarded the top three performances.

The eighth annual Drama Festival was presented at the Mundare National Hall on April 14. Father P. Hrabec, O.S.B.M., parish priest, and Spiritual Advisor of the Mundare U.C.Y., acted as master of ceremonies. The two comedies presented were: "Aunt Barbara" and "Housekeeper Wanted". The adjudicators were Mrs. O. Safranovich, Mrs. R. Moteka, both of whom are teachers at Chipman, and Mr. T. Caruk, editor of YOUTH.

The title role of "Aunt Barbara" was played by Marcia Kitlarchuk. The two bachelors in "Housekeeper Wanted" were Eugene Fedechko and Ben Kozak.

The judges were very favorably impressed with both performances

and were amazed at the ease with which all players handled their roles in the Ukrainian language. This in itself was very praiseworthy as there are entirely too many cases of our young people who can't even understand the language, let alone speak it. There were so many outstanding actors at this festival that the judges had a truly difficult time in limiting their choices to only 3 awards for individual persons. After lengthy deliberation, the following decisions were made and announced to the expectant and anxious audience by Tony Caruk.

Although the drama "Aunt Barbara" was very aptly played by all of its performers, and the setting was very appropriate, top spot went to the play "Housekeeper Wanted". The choice was greatly applauded by the audience as everyone had enjoyed the spontaneity of humor of the play.

The trophy was awarded to Margaret Fedechko, directress of the play. Father Hrabec awarded the medals to the best performers.

The gold medal was awarded to Eugene Fedechko for his portrayal of John, the bachelor. Marcia Kitlarchuk, who played Aunt Barbara, was second and received the silver medal as her award. The bronze medal was given to Ben Kozak for his role of George the bachelor.

Father Hrabec then thanked the audience for their support of the U.C.Y. by attending the Drama Festival, and urged them to help the young people in future endeavors. The evening was brought to a close by a tasty lunch, prepared by the

Mundare U.C.Y. for all performers and their parents.

As mentioned earlier, the Mundare U.C.Y. are to be congratulated for their work in presenting an annual Drama Festival. Other locals would do well to do something of the same nature. Not only is this a very good method of raising funds, but, more important yet, it gives all U.C.Y. members a chance to become more proficient in their own Ukrainian language and also gives them a feeling of confidence in learning to face an audience.

If any other U.C.Y. locals in Canada have anything similar to this, we would certainly appreciate hearing about it.

A father returned home from work to find his young son on the front steps looking most unhappy.

"What's wrong now?" asked Father.

"I just had one terrible scene with your wife."

Press Fund

St. Basil's U.C.Y.,
Edmonton, Alta. ... \$20.00

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Edmonton, Alta. ... \$20.00

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Chipman, Alta. \$15.00

OUR SINCERE THANKS

New Kiew U.C.Y.

We have here a nice number of members at the club. Our first meeting was held on April 7, 1957. Elected on the executive were: president, Walter Kulak; vice-president, Marshall Cymbaliuk; secretary-treasurer, Irene Luhowy and fourth member of executive, Raymond Sayko. Entertainment committee: Walter Cymbaluk, Edward Cymbaluk, Vivian Horon and Elsie Cymbaluk. The auditors are Walter Sawchuk and Johnny Stebluk. Our Spiritual Assistant is Rev. Father Bohdan M. Hanushewsky, who re-organized our U.C.Y. after long in-dolence of club.

Our second meeting was on April 28, 1957. Then we discussed a social gathering with our neighboring youth club members. We decided to have a dance on June 8. Church service will be held on the following day, June 9. After Church service, there will be dinner, the social meeting, lunch and a concert. We therefore are expecting a lovely social gathering.

An executive meeting will be held on May 10, 1957.

IRENE LUHOWY,
Secretary - Treasurer

Sunny: "I feel as fresh as a two-year-old.

Gloomy: Horse or egg?

Bride: When you married me, I thought you were daring and courageous."

Groom: Name one person who didn't.

Love Ukraine

Love Ukraine, love it like the sun,
Like the wind, and grass and
water;

In the hour of happiness and in time
of joy,

Love it in the hour of misfortune.
Love Ukraine in your dream and
when you are awake,

Your cherry-like Ukraine;
Its beauty, eternally live and new,
And its tongue like that of the
nightingale.

Among the brotherly people, like a
flourishing orchard,

She is shining for centuries;
Love Ukraine with all your hearts,
And with all your deeds.

For us she is unique in the world,
Only one in the sweet charm of
spaces;

She is in the stars, in the birch,
And in every pulse of the heart;
She is in the flower and bird. in
the electrical fires,

In every song, in every duma;
In the child's smile, in the girl's eyes,
And in the reddish fluttering of
banners;

As the fire that burns never burns
out,

She lives in the paths and mea-
dows;

In the whistling of sirens, and the
waves of the Dnieper,

And in the fiery red clouds;
In the fire of cannonades that
crushed to death,

The invading foreigners in green
uniforms,

In the bayonets that in the dark-
ness pierced our way.

To the spring, glorious and sincere,
Young man Give her your smile;

Your tears are all you have,
You cannot love other people,

If you do not love Ukraine.

Young girl! Like its blue sky,
Love her every minute;

Your boy friend will not love you,
If you do not love Ukraine.

Love her in work, in love and battle,
Like a song that sails with the star;

With all your hearts love your
Ukraine,

And we will be eternal along with
her.

Volodymyr Sossyura.

Farmer (after the land army vol-
unteer had milked his first cow):
"Well, you learned something new
today."

Volunteer: "Yes, I learned that
the man who says a cow gives milk
is a liar."

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